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# *THE EIGHTH SIN*

C. D. MORLEY

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# THE EIGHTH SIN

BY

C. D. MORLEY

"There is no greater Sin after the seven deadly  
than to flatter oneself into an idea of being a great  
Poet." *Letters of John Keats.*

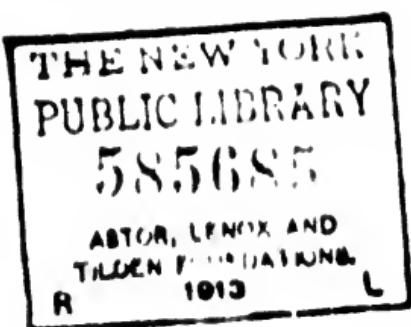
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ONE must have an excuse. The only one I can offer is that many of these verses have already been refused (with charming tact) by reputable journals. According to the canons of one whose opinion I much value in these matters, that makes them all the more worthy of publication.

I wish I might include a poem by Lord Byron, which I passed off on this same critic as one of my own. He was gracious enough to remark, "Not bad for a beginner!" May he be as lenient towards these!

The publishers of the *Isis* and the *Varsity* have kindly allowed me to reprint some verses which they chaperoned in the first instance.

C. D. M.

NEW COLLEGE,  
*November, 1912.*

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"TO THE ONLY BEGETTER."

*To you I sing. To you alone  
These rhymes in no uncertain tone  
A message bring. Let others hint  
They are not worth the ink to print—  
Of others I am heedless grown.*

*Chilled by the bookshop's frigid zone  
These rhymes in haste to you have flown,  
Fleeing the critic's heart of flint  
To you they sing.*

*I have no fear lest you postpone  
Your gentle judgement. I have known  
Your gracious favour has no stint,  
You'll say (your cheek a rosier tint),  
"I like them, for they are his own"—  
To you I sing.*



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## "THE RHYMESTER'S SWITCH."

(A letter to P. H. Dodge, Esq., of Chicago, U.S.A.)

DEAR P. H. D.,

I dare not quote  
The lines that once to you I wrote,  
Which give this little verse its name—  
For they were broad, and prudes exclaim  
That broadness has no antidote!

Since we are both in the same boat,  
I with my beam, you with your mote,  
Ours is the smile, and ours the shame,

Dear P. H. D!

Still, you recall? Then we will gloat  
In secret. And this favour note:  
To you this booklet gratis came,  
No others shall receive the same;  
My other friends must pay their groat,

Dear P. H. D!

## ARS POETICA.

"Whenever I find myself growing vaporish I rouse myself, wash and put on a clean shirt, brush my hair and clothes, **TIE MY SHOE-STRINGS NEATLY**, and, in fact, adonize, as if I were going out—then all clean and comfortable, I sit down to write." (*Keats. Letter to his brother George.*)

WHEN the wheels of song are but scantily oiled  
And the ballad is tinkered beyond repair,  
When the springs of metre are all uncoiled  
And your pitiful cupboard of rhymes is bare,  
When Pegasus, poor old knock-kneed mare,  
Heeds not the spur in her bleeding hide—  
What is the remedy? Brush your hair  
And see that your shoes are neatly tied!

When the bard has vainly scraped and toiled,  
And gazes at last in black despair  
On the Muse's fountain muddied and roiled.  
Finding no dainty image there  
When verse is a bitterness and a snare,  
And even your hypocrite friends deride—  
Put your feet on the nearest chair  
And see that your shoes are neatly tied!

When the poet's pot has bubbled and boiled  
And still yields indigestible fare,  
When the delicate morsel is wholly spoiled  
And such is your rage that you do not care—  
Then is the time to be debonair  
And full of a pumiced and lavandered pride,  
Get out your finest clothes to wear  
And see that your shoes are neatly tied !

ENVY.

Keats is dead and has left no heir,  
But his words are balm to the sorely tried :  
If you want to write verses rich and rare  
See that your shoes are neatly tied !

## TO NANCY.

(Who has been alarmed by a Palmist.)

NANCY, you need never be  
Terrified by palmistry—  
I'm sure no reasons for alarm  
Are writ upon your dainty palm !

You say that in those mystic lines  
The palmist read unpleasant signs  
And omens ? O, you silly Nancy  
To believe in chiromancy !

And why should some fallacious gipsy  
Hold your graceful finger-tips ? He  
Is a fake (I know the seer)  
He's only erbing for a beer.

You know the Roman adage that  
*Palmam qui meruit, ferat !*  
If holding hands is to be done,  
Let me be the lucky one !

## MINT JULEP NIGHT.

(Gratefully dedicated to GEORGE BENNETT, who has mixed the Mint Julep at New College every First of June for thirty years.)

O LEAVES of mint, O tankard bright,  
O green and silver, jocund sight,  
O potent spirit, sweet and strong,  
This First of June we raise the song—  
No turbid British beer to-night!

Come, tilt the flagon, drink aright,  
Our gullets tingling with delight—  
This is the place where you belong  
O leaves of mint!

Drink deep! A fifth or sixth we might  
Negotiate ere George takes fright  
And bears away the nectar—long  
I kiss you, ice-chilled silver. Wrong  
To drink? The very dons are tight,  
O leaves of mint!

## AD VELOCIPEDEM.

*Shotover* and I are a dauntless pair  
(Sing as we struggle against the slope),  
For weather be foul or weather be fair  
The road is ours and we never despair  
(The next bend is the top, I hope !)

From Thames to Tweed, from Rhine to Scheldt  
(A rucksack makes a man perspire)  
Ride with the joy of the roving Celt,  
A bottle of beer beneath your belt  
(And plenty of air in your hinder tyre).

And *Shotover* knows that the rarest time  
(Sing of our early morning glee)  
Comes not when we fidget for futile rhyme,  
But after the toiling, dripping climb  
(And down the grade the wheel runs free).

THIRK, GERMANY,

August, 1912.

## LA BELLE DAME AVEC MERCI.

" Hungry-hearted girl, desperately in love with life, longs for sympathetic friends. Sane, healthy, good fellowship and sincerity. Meet and correspond. Near Glasgow."—*T.P.'s Weekly*.

O HUNGRY heart, whose starving plea  
Speaks from the pages of *T.P.*!  
I wonder, since your soul is sad,  
May an Oxford undergrad  
Your wished-for correspondent be?

"Near Glasgow"—That's the tragedy!  
That's why you long for sympathy;  
No wonder you cannot be glad,  
O hungry heart.

Ey what you say, our tastes agree:  
I too have health and sanity,  
My teeth are good, my eyes not bad—  
I'll send an answer to your ad.  
Appease your appetite with me,  
O hungry heart!

## THE PASSIONATE STUDENT TO HIS JUNIOR BURSAR.

"Come down, O battels, from this giddy height;  
What pleasure lives in height?" (the student sang.)"

Come tell me, Junior Bursar, do,  
How can these items all be true?  
I've bob for beer, when I've had none!  
My scout must be the lucky one.

You've charged me for desserts in Hall  
When I've had no desserts at all;  
For when they ask, I always say,  
"O take the nasty sweets away!"

For baths I'm muleted two and two  
(I'll give up bathing P. D. Q.);  
One thing is very plain to me,  
I'll soon have no more L. S. D.

To Hall I hardly ever go,  
I quaff no drink but H<sub>2</sub>O,  
For tea I have a penny bun,  
Yet battels come to three pounds one.

If I had Mr. Belloc's ski  
I'd make you blush for such a bill ;  
It really needs a Balliol scribe  
To write a fitting diatribe.

I've said enough : from first to last  
I am not an iconoclast,  
But (if it will not cause you pain)  
I wish you kindly would explain.

## THE WEATHERCOCK.

I OFTEN envy the golden cock  
Atop St. Mary's spire  
What sights there are for him to see  
What music to admire—  
The rose-red dawns, the chime of bells,  
The sunsets fringed with fire,

From his windy vantage does he see  
The crumbling walls of grey?  
And I, through the cloth of green  
Stitching her silver way?  
Does the scent of Cotswold violets come  
From twenty miles away?

Aloft in the cool blue void of night  
Does he count the stars? Until  
Through the smoke of smouldering dawn he  
hears  
His brethren on Cumnor Hill  
Hailing the flames of coming day  
With voices clear and shrill?

**A**las, he neither hears nor sees  
His gilded eyes are blind  
**A**nd he must always face the breeze  
Nor ever look behind—  
**I**f the wind be east, though the sun set red  
He may not even turn his head!

## A TREACLE TART.

To A. S.

(Vice-President of the *Society for the Propagation of Treacle-Tart.*)

A TREACLE tart? You ask my aid?  
Six ounces flour first persuade  
    Into a pipkin, pan or pot;  
A little baking-powder—not  
Too much; two ounces, nicely weighed,  
Of lard and butter (finest grade).  
With these and water paste is made:  
    Your hands to mix the gods allot  
        A treacle tart.

Roll out with bread-crumbs lightly sprayed,  
Then treacle generously laid  
    And scalloped edges not forgot.  
An oven moderately hot.  
With these instructions well obeyed  
There stands before your eyes displayed,  
    A treacle tart!

## TWILIGHT.

SOMEONE has lit the lamp, and hung  
The house with curtains of cool blue,  
Someone (I cannot tell you who)  
Has put bright candles all among  
Our empty rooms. Since we are young  
For keeping house, and only two,  
Someone has lit the lamp, and hung  
The house with curtains of cool blue.

Our lamp, the moon so deftly swung  
Aloft; the stars our candles new;  
Our housekeeper? I have no clue  
I only know what I have sung—  
Someone has lit the lamp, and hung  
The house with curtains of cool blue.

## TO PETER PAN IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

DEAR Peter, on your tree of bronze  
Where children feed the ducks and swans,  
Dear Peter, play a tune—don't wait  
Till big policemen shut the gate  
And leave you lonely—blow, O blow  
The music that the children know.

Dear Peter, you need have no fear  
Lest grown-up folks should overhear—  
Too grave and busy for such glee  
They will not heed your minstrelsy.  
Your pipe is at your lips— please blow  
For we are waiting here below.

The birds and fairies in the park  
Can hear you piping after dark,  
But we must hear you now, you see,  
Before Nurse takes us home to tea.  
I think she's coming . . . Do just blow  
One tiny tune before we go!

## OLD QUAKER WOOD.

(To C. W. S., the Goblin-Woodcutter.)

OLD Quaker wood burns sweet and slow  
And sinks into a crimson glow.

The log, grown tough with many days  
The fiery fingers long gainsays  
And then—how grey the ash below!

Green were your leaves of long ago,  
Now brighter blossoms round you grow  
The golden foliage of the blaze  
Old Quaker wood!

And even in your final throe  
The small blue flame is whispering low  
In confidential Quaker phrase  
“Thee must be brave!” The log obeys  
For any (as we ‘l well know)  
Old Quaker would!

*Old Jordans Hostel.*

## FOR A NINETEENTH BIRTHDAY.

(April 13, 1912.)

NINETEEN lovely years are hers  
As the spring comes flooding in  
And April's magic is akin  
To that dear wistfulness which blurs  
Her eyes when Love too deeply stirs  
Her heart; and when the flowers begin  
Nineteen lovely years are hers  
As the spring comes flooding in.

Perfect girlhood still confers  
Its grace upon her; but within  
Like strains from a far violin  
Her soul hears gentler messengers,  
For April-womanhood is hers  
As the spring comes flooding in.

## BALLADE OF SHOP-WINDOWS IN THE HIGH.

LET some sing the joys of our rivers,  
The Isis (or Thames) and the Cher,  
Let some swot for Mods and for Divvers  
Or loaf at the Clarendon bar,  
These pleasures I rate below par  
For another I pass them all by—  
More seductive than all of them are  
The windows that shine in the High.

Let others (more riotous livers)  
Frequent the Cadena bazaar,  
Let East Oxford empty her quivers  
At the heart of the young Lochinvar—  
My pastime to view from afar  
Many things I would willingly buy  
(Did not £ s. d. shortage debar)  
In the windows that shine in the High.

There are fur coats (for those that have shivers)  
Pictures, bric-à-brac, jams by the jar,  
Wines, whiskeys and cordials for givers  
Of binges, and waters from Spa;

The fatal-to-Freshmen cigar  
And books on Anthrópopohagi  
(I am sorry that accent to mar)  
In the windows that shine in the High.

Envoy.

But Fresher! unless your Papa  
Will pay bills without batting an eye  
I would bid you be wary (*Selah!*)  
Of the windows that shine in the High.

## OUR HOUSE.

It should be yours, if I could build  
The quaint old dwelling I desire,  
With books and pictures bravely filled  
And chairs beside an open fire  
White-panelled rooms with candles lit—  
I lie awake to think of it !

A dial for the sunny hours,  
A garden of old-fashioned flowers—  
Sav marigolds and lavender  
And mignonette and fever-few,  
And Judas tree and maiden-hair  
And candytuft and thyine and rue—  
All these for you to wander in.

A Chinese carp (called *Mandarin* !)  
Waving a sluggish silver fin  
Deep in the moat : so tame he comes  
To lip your fingers offering crumbs.  
Tall chimneys, like long listening ears,  
White shutters, ivy green and thick,  
And walls of ruddy Tudor brick  
Grown mellow with the passing years.

And windows with small leaded panes,  
Broad window-seats for when it rains.  
A big blue bowl of pot-pourri  
And—yes, a Spanish chestnut-tree  
To coin the autumn's minted gold.  
A summer-house for drinking tea—  
All these (just think !) for you and me.

A staircase of the old black wood  
Cut in the days of Robin Hood,  
And banisters worn smooth as glass  
Down which your hand will lightly pass.  
A piano with dear yellow keys  
For wistful twilight melodies  
And dusty bottles in a bin—  
All these for you to revel in !

But when ? Ah well, until that time  
We'll habit in this house of rhyme !

## BALLADE OF MARCH.

WHEN the fitful sun has beckoned the crocus  
Up from the womb of the chill wet mould,  
And the sounds and scents of spring provoke us  
From cloisters grey and damp and old,  
When the fleeces of heaven are all unrolled  
And windy March gives promise of June  
And the world is blue and green and gold—  
Then hey for a bicycling afternoon !

When the quickening blood brings into focus  
All in our souls that is gay and bold  
Away from the dons and their hocus-pocus  
Ride where the Thames runs clean and cold  
Under Swinford Bridge or by Cumnor wold—  
On with the magical seven-league shoon !  
Colour and fragrance manifold  
Are ours on a bicycling afternoon.

And, if the rain *does* fall and soak us  
(What did Chaucer mean when he told  
Of the *drought of March* ! Was he trying to joke  
us ?)  
A wetting can be at an inn consoled.

Before our wheels there lies unrolled  
A land of meadows and streams--too soon  
We will lose it: Come, would you live blind-  
fold?  
Come for a bicycling afternoon!

ENVOY.

O Tutors, the blinding sun awoke us  
From our pipes, our papers, our bookish  
swoon--  
And, lest our learning should rise and choke us  
We went for a bicycling afternoon!

## THE EDITOR REGRETS.

"The Editor regrets that he is reluctantly compelled to return the enclosed MS."—The Editor of *The English Review*.

"The Editor regrets that he  
Cannot accept your poetry"—  
This does not mean (observe his tact!)  
A lack of merit, for in fact  
He sends it back "reluctantly."  
  
Many a hopeful *jeu d'esprit*  
I post (enclosing stamps) with glee.  
What happens? Well, to be exact,  
"The Editor regrets."

O journals of democracy,  
*Spectator*, *Punch*, or *P. M. G.*  
I think your Editors are cracked.  
I think they all have cataract—  
Hullo! A letter here for me?  
O Lord! The same hypocrisy—  
"The Editor regrets."

## A SONG OF THE STEERAGE.

Sing a song of steerage, for that's the place to be,  
Seven quid will do it, and seven days at sea,  
Seven grey December days, keeping near the  
rail—

And all the little candles are waiting on the tree!

Seven days of porridge, and cabbages, and pork,  
Seven days of steerage-deck, swinging as you  
walk,

And then the dark blue water is turning yellow-  
brown

There's the dear old Statue--and it's Christmas  
in New York!

You who cross the Channel from Dover to Calais,  
You who dress for dinner and go first-class all  
the way,

I wonder will you ever know the thrill that I  
shall feel

When the stately old *Caronia* goes rolling up the  
Bay!

It's a greasy queasy business, a-travelling in the  
third

Where the meat is mostly horses and the milk is  
chiefly curd,

But it's better to go steerage than not to go at  
all—

You'll be jolly glad you did it, I give my plighted  
word.

Then sing a song of steerage, for that's the place  
to be

Seven quid will do it, and seven days at sea

Seven grey December days, keeping near the  
rail—

And over in America there's Someone waits for  
me !

## ON READING SOME TESTIMONIALS.

(Dedicated to all Rhodes Scholars.)

My testimonial-writers fill

(Intentionally inexact)

The fanteuils nearest to the grill—

The hottest seats are always packed.

Intentionally inexact

They roast and crackle on the griddle,

The hottest seats are always packed

The frying fat sings like a fiddle.

They roast and crackle on the griddle

They wrote me better than I am,

The frying fat sings like a fiddle

I do not give a single d——n.

They wrote me better than I am

Thus making me a good deal worse,

They did not give a single d——n

(Except when needed for the verse)

Thus making me a good deal worse

They disappoint the bright-eyed dons

Except when needed for the verse

They cannot tell their geese from swans.

They disappoint the bright-eyed dons  
Who beamed with glee in hopes to find  
(They cannot tell their geese from swans)  
The "sterling heart," the "radiant mind."

They beamed with glee in hopes to find—  
But all aghast in vain they seek  
The "sterling heart," the "radiant mind"  
Whereof my testimonials speak.

All aghast in vain they seek,  
And finding I am not the sort  
Whereof my testimonials speak  
The dons have gone back to their port.

Finding I am not the sort,  
Their kindly zeal availing not,  
The dons have gone back to their port  
Feeling, perhaps, a trifle hot.

Their kindly zeal availing not  
The fauteuils nearest to the grill  
(Feeling, perhaps, a trifle hot)  
My testimonial-writers fill.

## THE EXILE AND THE ROCK LIMPET.

(Suggested by Turner's painting at the Tate Gallery, thus described in the catalogue: *Blood-red sunset reflected in a shallow tidal pool on the shore at St. Helena; Napoleon stands, with arms folded, looking at the limpet.*)

THE dying Day lies bleeding in the west,  
Stanching his ebbing anguish in the cool  
Blue bosom of the Night . . .  
And by the salty island shore a pool,  
A shallow tidal pool, his blood reflects,  
Mirrors the crimson . . .  
Alone and peaceful to her evening meal  
The tiny limpet goes, perchance reviewing  
In the chaste closets of her virgin mind  
The unambitious current of her thoughts,  
Her calm desires; and from her fluted shell  
She shyly looks about, bearing her eyes  
Upon retractile stalks; with sheepish joy  
Observes one of her kindred gastropods,  
Significantly beckon from afar.

O gentle cochlea! Unwitting thou  
That on the rocky promont near at hand  
There stands with folded arms, with brow com-  
tort,

The Emperor . . . Ah ! does he meditate  
A vesper dish of plaintive hoinely snails  
Seethed in the Corsican white wine he loves ?  
No, harmless mollusc, no such carnal wish.  
For lo, he thinks with melancholy pangs  
How much more pleasant is thy fate than his ;  
No ferment of regrets, no shattered hopes,  
No griefs of exile (lo, thy modest home  
Is ever with thee)—thus, in short, he broods.  
The Emperor would gladly interchange  
His lot with thine, O unambitious snail . . .

(*Cetera desunt*).

RUDYARD KIPLING moralizes :—

*Fortune's coin is fickle : she spins both heads and tails.*

*Even in your glory forbear to sneer at snails !*

## TO VENUS IN THE ASHMOLEAN.

DEAR Goddess, in your quiet eyes  
I long have seen the dumb reproof,  
But surely charity denies  
That you should longer hold aloof.  
Dear Goddess, freely I confess—  
Great pardon, of your graciousness.

## THE CONFESSION.

An argument arose between us  
Touching the perfect waist of Venus.  
My friend (a very subtle Scot)  
Said *Thirty-three*. *I'm sure it's not*  
*Was my retort. As I'm alive*  
*I'll guarantee it's thirty-five.*  
Base men had let the matter rest—  
But we—we put it to the test.  
  
We took a measured length of twine  
And came within the sacred shrine.  
The Goddess stood, unrobed and stately—  
Her purity abashed us greatly—

But while the captious Scot looked out  
For keepers strolling round about  
I tiptoed up. With horrid qualms  
Encircled her with profane arms  
And (inly shuddering) then I placed  
Unhallowed fingers on her waist,  
And her whom I had long adored  
I girdled with the impious cord.  
O had there been an ancient Greek  
To see the faint flush on her cheek  
He would have slain me on the spot.

Then said my friend (irreverent Scot)  
*What do you make it? Thirty-three?*  
But Venus' eyes were fixed on me  
And in my innate chivalry  
I could not tell the brutal truth,  
(Her girth was thirty-five in sooth)  
*Your guess was wrong, and so was mine*  
Quoth I. *Her waist is twenty-nine.*

And as we hurried down the aisle  
Her eyes pursued me with a smile:  
How glad we were no-one had seen us  
Measuring the waist of Venus.

---

Dear Goddess, freely I confess  
And pray your charity divine,  
Surely it makes my guilt the less  
Because I called it twenty-nine?  
So at my sin you will connive . . .  
You know yourself its thirty-five!

## WHITE MAGIC.

*World, if her soul is sad to-day  
Sain it with blue and green and grey.*

Sain it with blue: if she would cry  
Show her the stainless vault of sky,  
The rich blue drapery of the seas  
A bending robe across God's knees.

Sain it with green: if tears o'erwhelm  
Rock her soul in the windy elm,  
Stanch it with the cool green leaves,  
Show her our English grass if she grieves.

Sain it with grey: a cure for pain  
Is to weave her a cobweb-scarf of rain,  
And a soft grey cloak of shadows dim—  
Then let her smile, and think of him.

*World, if her soul is sad to-day  
Sain it with blue and green and grey.*

## BALLADE OF A CHANGE OF ABODE.

(Dedicated to Mr. WENTWORTH CROKE, Manager of  
the Lyric Opera House, Hammersmith.)

ROMANCE has fled from Leicester Square  
To dwell with simpler-hearted folk,  
She flies in horror and despair  
To seek suburban hearts of oak,  
Her high-priest now is Wentworth Croke  
Her ancient fanes are but a myth.  
Come then (and bring your pipe to smoke)  
Where she resides in Hammersmith.

The *Empire* is the tawdry lair  
Of juggling Jew and rancid joke,  
Pink legs, dress-shirted fools astare  
And humour ground beneath the yoke—  
Come where Romance may still invoke  
Her own congenial kin and kith  
Come, apt for joy or sobs that choke,  
Where she resides in Hammersmith.

For she has found true lovers there  
Who shudder lest her spell be broke

She caught them in her subtle snare  
And gathered them beneath her cloak.  
They hissed the villain when he spoke  
Adored the hero large of lith—  
What shining eyes when they awoke  
Where she resides in Hammersmith!

ENVY.

Princess! Two lines my song declare  
This is the marrow and the pith:  
Romance has fled from Leicester Square  
And now resides in Hammersmith.

## BALLADE OF MR. PEPYS.

"Among the others pretty Mrs. Margaret, who indeed is a very pretty lady; and, though by my vow it costs me *1 d.* a kiss, yet I did adventure upon a couple." — *Pepys' Diary*, Feb. 3, 1665.

Good Mr. Peeps or Peps or Pips  
(However he should be yelept),  
Clerk of the King's Bureau of Shilps,

A very spicy journal kept,  
He knew a lemon from a peach,  
And, among other things, he knew  
When kisses are a shilling each  
We should adventure on a few!

He was a connoisseur of lips,  
And though I cannot quite accept  
Some of his rather saidy tips  
(I grant he often oversteppod  
The bounds of taste) — still he can teach  
Mhogynists a thing or two—  
When kisses are a shilling each  
We should adventure on a few!

He drank the wine of life by sips,  
He roundly ate and soundly slept,  
His spirits suffered no eclipse,  
But Lord! how sore he would have wept  
To see his private linen bleach  
And flutter in the public view . . .  
Well, kisses are a shilling each,  
Let us adventure on a few!

ENVOY.

O Ballad-monger, I beseech,  
Consider his advice anew  
When kisses are a shilling each  
Why not adventure on a few?

TO R. L. S.

DEAR R. L. S., whose books each night  
We used to read by candle-light,  
These many years your body lies  
Under the blue Samoan skies,  
But still your words ring warm and bright.  
  
In these poor rhymes, however slight,  
I fain would tell you, if I might,  
Your words brought gladness to her eyes,  
Dear R. L. S.

The magic you knew how to write  
Evoked her laughter of delight:  
With gratitude which rhyme denoteth  
Full utterance - do not despise -  
To You, to Her, I this indite,  
Dear R. L. S.

## ALL LOVELY THINGS.

All lovely things conspire to greet  
My lady: daisies at her feet  
Sprang white and wistfully implored  
Her plucking; and with one accord  
The sunsets for her smile compete.

The stars, in many a silver fleet,  
Set sail each night in hopes to meet  
Her eyes, that graciously reward  
All lovely things.

All gay and gentle thoughts entreat  
Her favour and approval sweet  
All sorrow, when to her outpoured,  
Is by her sympathy restored:  
She finishes and makes complete  
All lovely things.

## FROM ARTHUR'S SEAT.

"There are no stars like the Edinburgh street-lamps."—R. L. S.

From Arthur's Seat there lies displayed  
The city in her dim brocade,

And stitching it with useful stars  
The unseen tailors ply their trade.

The blue of dusk deeps into night  
Then flash the leaping seams of light,

By magic needlework there runs  
The gleaming pattern, golden-bright.

Across and over, up and down  
The sombre garments of the town

Swift hands are hemming threads of gold,  
And sewing jewels on her gown.

Master, your town of long ago  
Still wears those yellow stars. And lo  
The brightest-shining of them all  
Is by the house in Heriot Row!

## SONG.

O CHERRY-TREE, let slip your petals, bright  
A whirling flight  
    Of April snow,  
O let them eddy in the windy height  
    Then drift upon the grass below.

O coo' blue harbours of twilight  
Unmoor your galleons white  
    And trim their spars  
Come plunging through the purple night  
    The great armada of the stars.

## TO JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH.

(In gratitude for her illustrations of *A Child's Garden of Verses.*)

HE would have said, with radiant face,  
“Dear Lady, in some fairy place  
Some garden where (without a nurse)  
They played their shadowy games in verse,  
You must have met my bairns alone  
And smilie<sup>d</sup>, and took them for your own.

“They were more ragged then, perhaps,  
They did not know the joy o' laps,  
A very lonely life they led  
They never had been tucked in bed.  
In spite of all their merry laughter  
They badly needed looking after!

“These children of my wistful dreams  
The magic o' your brush now seems  
To bring to life—I recognise  
The golden heads, the dark brown eyes,  
The dainty frocks, the slim bare legs  
And all that love-of-children begs.

*"The bairns are yours as much as mine  
And so to you I now resign  
A half of all that fund of glee  
That they have always brought to me.  
But on one thing they will insist—  
They never sleep till they've been kissed !  
P.S.—I note with grateful joy  
You've made the oldest one a boy!"*

Such words as these, but with more grace,  
He would have said.

## TRINOCTIO ABESSE.

'THREE nights in town! Ah Lady Bess,  
Dean, Tutor, Warden—all say yes—  
We'll dine to-night in Leicester Square;  
Just think—*to-night!*—and I'll be there  
By six—the Paddington Express.

And you will say (O, I can guess  
Just how) *Dear Mr. Cleverness,*  
*From all your studies, think, to spare*  
*Three nights in town!*

The theatre? I like that less  
Than fireside talk, I must confess,  
For there are questions . . . you will wear  
A scarlet ribbon in your hair?  
O think, from Oxford's grim duress  
Three nights in town!

## ROBIN HERRICK IN EIGHTS WEEK.

WHEN in a punt my Julia goes  
She wields the pole and chastely shows  
Her dainty ankles—I repose.

And as she poles she smiling thinks  
“I’m glad I wore the silk ones—pink’s  
My colour”—O the crafty minx!

I, meditating on her charins,  
Her supple grace, her bare brown arms . . .  
Suddenly, smitten with alarins

I feel a scratch. O where are we?  
Under the spiky hawthorn tree,  
Whither her punting taketh me!

## THE BLUE TREE.

New College men, wherever they be,  
East or West or over the sea,

Never forget the bright blue tree—

*O to remember, O to recall*

*The dear blue tree by the garden-wall !*

Few of its lovers know its name,  
But they remember it just the same,  
Think of it glowing, a pale blue flame  
By the bastion in the old grey wall—

*All the world over, still they recall*

*The sweet blue tree by the garden-wall.*

New College men, though far away,  
Have never forgotten the red red may  
Or the cherry-tree tossing its petals away,  
Or the chestnut walk, or the limes so tall--

*Dear are all these, but dearest of all*

*The sweet blue tree by the garden-wall.*

## RONDEL.

(After Charles d'Orléans.)

THE world has cast her habiting  
Of wind, of frost, of cold grey rain;  
In sunny robes of braver grain  
She dons the broidery of Spring.  
And every tiny living thing  
In his own way declares a man:  
“The world has cast her habiting  
Of wind, of frost, of cold grey rain.”

And streams and brooks the tidings bring  
Wearing their liveries again  
Of gold and silver; Winter slain,  
April may laugh aloud, and sing:  
“The world has cast her habiting  
Of wind, of frost, of cold grey rain.”

## BALLADE OF SONGS UNSUNG.

I MEANT to write some other verse  
Some better, and some vastly worse.  
I meant to write, and never did,  
And now the coming Schools forbid.  
I'll mention what I hoped to sing  
To guard against all trespassing.

One on the Franco-Prussian War  
(It never had been done before)  
But now, I render thanks to Allah,  
It has been done by P. G . . d - ll . .

I had a very real wish  
To write a trifling thing on fish  
It was *The Goldfish at the Tate-*  
That one I fear will have to wait.

*A Ballad of the Law Prelim.*  
(That one was rather like a hymn.)  
Some musings that I had to burn  
For being too like Laurence Sterne,  
These would have done exceeding well  
As a racy villanelle.

A sonnet *To a Lady's Skull*  
*Now Used for My Tobacco Ash*  
Would have been wistful-fanciful  
And rich in Oriental pash.  
The *Charters* quaintly called *Select*  
I hoped in metre to dissect ;  
Also (somewhat analogous)  
To render the *Dialogus*  
(You know it ?) *de Scaccario*  
And put my tutor in a glow.  
The University Statutes  
Afford some still ungarnered fruits—  
In feately-footed *terza-rima*  
They'd please the dilettante dreamer.

Then there was something rather coarser,  
A fragment in the vein of Chaucer,  
You would have dubbed the thing *robust*—  
I'll try it yet, I really must . . .

But most of all my soul regrets  
My still unwritten triolets.

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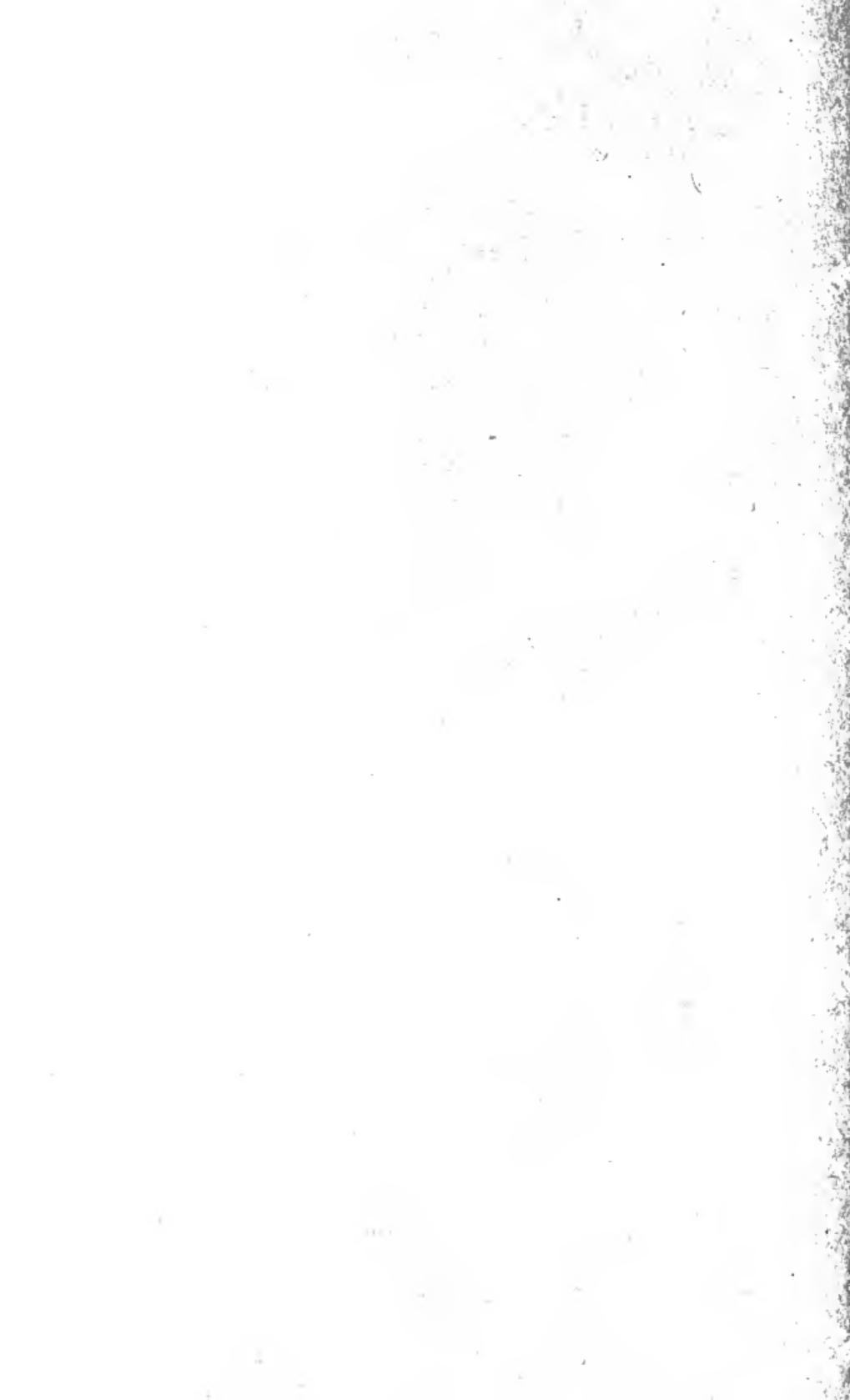
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